Gargoyle magazine

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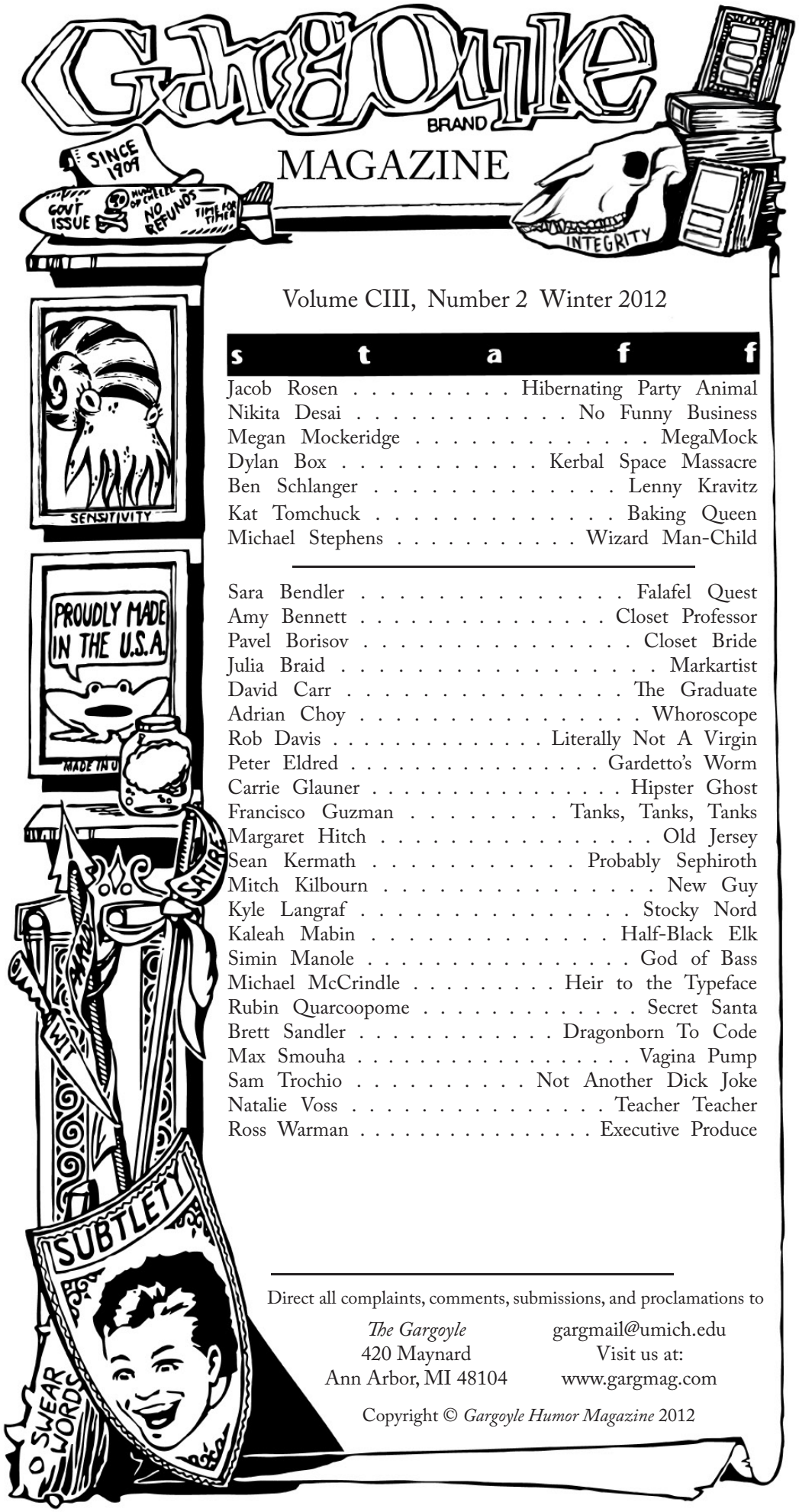
Volume CIII, Number 2 Winter 2012

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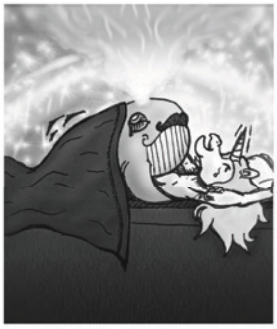


Show more results? Are you fucking crazy?

Ann Arbor Cultural Calendar

January - March

FOOD!

If you've ever been to Depot Town in Ypsi, you've probably at least glanced at **Cafe Ollie at the corner of Cross St. and N. River**. Not only did they somehow manage to deep fry a potato, dip it in chocolate and stick it on top of earth's best cupcake, but from **7-11 every Sunday**, they transform into Ypsi Facto, a venue for local musicians. Aside from the hilarity that ensues once you realize that their name is actually a pun, it's actually a pretty awesome place to go when you're getting sick of the yuppie clusterfuck that is Ann Arbor. So head down there, grab a fuckin sandwich and enjoy Michigan booze at happy hour prices.

COMEDY!

In Black Comedy, the lights need to go out for peoples' true natures to emerge. Watch as the facades of Brindsley Miller, a young artist, Carol, his debutante fiancee, their oddball neighbors, her father, Clea, his ex-lover, an electrician and the richest man in the world all crumble in the blinding scrutiny of darkness. Through mistaken identity, jokes, lies, and art, all will learn more about themselves than they ever thought possible.
April 6 @8pm
April 7 @2pm and 8pm
in RC's Keene Theatre presented by the RC Players
directed by Michelle Weiss

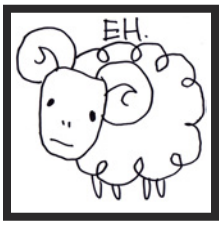
BOWLING!

Bowling, a sport historically reserved for only the most rich and powerful, is now available to you at **Colonial Lanes** on **Thursdays after 10** for less money than than a slice of pizza. $2.50 buys you a pair of shoes and a game, with each additional game costing only $1.25. And pitchers of Miller Light are only $6.00! But that's pretty much the only downside. Hot tip: For a fun time, hit the reset button right after one of your friends makes a 'bowl'.

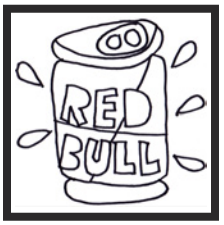
STORIES!

Usually storytelling is only relevant when explaining motorcycle accidents and weird birthmarks, but not **Feburary 18th and 19th at the Ark.** A self-declared hermit, a Hungarian Fullbright scholar, a peppy performance art major and a retired librarian are preparing to give you a night full of an amount of adventure and whimsy reserved for an acid binge at Willy Wonka's Factory. There is little as comforting as a relaxing night listening to shit that may or may not be true, bring a warm glass of milk if you're feeling especially childish. But in all seriousness, it's a good fuckin time, storytelling is nothing to joke about. Except when it's about the war.

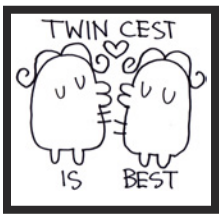
Horoscopes



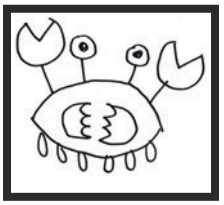
Aries (21 March-19 April)
You are creative. You like to watch movies with squares of cheese on your upper lip. You like to sing in the shower, but you also aren't afraid to sing outside of the shower. Great things will come your way, but you will foolishly jump out of the way.



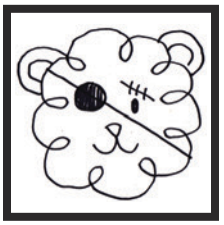
Taurus (20 April-20 May)
You will convert to Judaism, only to find that it's not as great as everyone makes it out to be.



Gemini (21 May-20 June)
This month you will be visited by three tall men in suits. They will ask you if they may enter your home. You will say yes. They will offer you a grand opportunity, filled with excitement and whimsy. Being a pussy Gemini, you will decline.



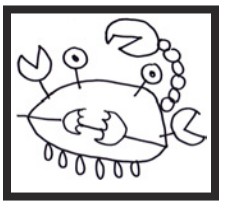
Cancer (21 June-21 July)
You will get lucky and find love in all the right places. Around the 15th, an old and a new friend will tag team you after a night of Sangria showers.



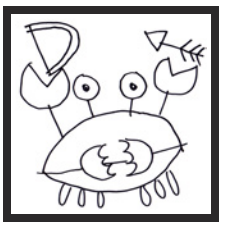
Leo (22 July-22 August)
With Endor in retrograde, watch your back! It may be skinned off of you and sold to Ewok skin-traders. You will be safe, however, if you keep your +3/+5 Engorged Talisman of the Corax close by at all times.

Virgo (23 August-22 September)
You're fucked.

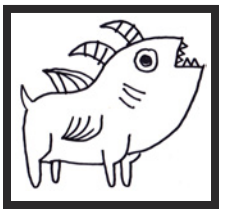
Libra (23 September-22 October)
Steer clear of open barrels but gravitate towards bright flickering lights. When the wind comes in from the East, be sure to call your mother and don't forget to stretch your hamstrings during a snowfall. Also, be wary of horoscopes found in second rate humor magazines.



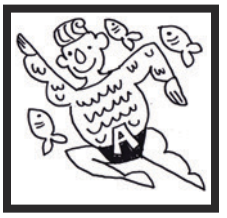
Scorpio (23 October-21 November)
When the clock strikes 3:16 on the third Tuesday, a piece of airplane shrapnel will fall from the sky, crushing your beloved pet and rendering you manically depressed. If you don't have a pet, you'll probably be fine.



Sagittarius (22 November-21 Dec.)
This week your courage will be tested. You will face down the flame of Arnor with the sword of Ecthellion, expect your deus ex machina around 6 P.M. eastern Greek mountain time.



Capricorn (22 December-20 Jan.)
http://www.goatse.info/



Aquarius (21 January-19 February)
You will find $20 on the ground, only to later discover that it is a cleverly disguised coupon. Fuck you, Aquarius.

Pisces (20 February-20 March)
Blub Blub Blub Blub

Herman Cain Meets Santa and the Were-Reindeer

BY RUBIN QUARCOOPOME

'Twas the night before Christmas, and Herman Cain was anxious. His furry legs were getting cold, and he shivered a bit from the harsh wind whipping at his haunches and the foot of snow covering his hooves.

"Where is he?" Cain thought, brow furrowed, "It's not like him to be late. Not like him at all..."

Cain certainly had reason to be concerned. One of the things he prided most since becoming a were-deer was punctuality. After all, it took quite a bit of effort to circle the world in a single night, especially whilst leading eight restless reindeer companions. The journey stressed Herman Cain out on an annual basis. But there he was. Again. For the fifth year in a row. And the whole mess had begun over two of the most abundant things in the North Pole: firewood and drugs.

It was roughly five years ago, sometime around the end of Thanksgiving, and Santa Claus was relaxing by the fire and planning for the busy holiday season. An entire day had passed and he still couldn't think of any creative new ways to beat his elves without throwing out his back again. After all, they needed the motivation, and he certainly needed the exercise. It sure was hard out there for a Claus. Hours of indecision and decades of poor circulation were making him cold, and so he decided to get up from his seat and leave the house to retrieve some extra firewood. He came upon a disturbing sight.

"Ho, ho, holy shit!" Santa said. His heart raced slightly as he took in his dear deer friend Rudolph definitely dead in a massive pool of his own blood. He was also a bit surprised that reindeer blood was aquamarine.

"Well, that's a bit odd." He sat down on a nearby seat, raised his boots up away from the steadily growing pool of blood, and lit his favorite corncob pipe. After a few seconds of quiet thought, he remarked knowingly, "Must have been the crack."

For several years, in fact, Rudolph had been nursing a tremendous crack addiction. Jack Frost, who had long since gained a reputation as "that guy you go to for drugs", never hesitated to sell the dependent reindeer his daily fix. Each time Rudolph crashed and hit his lowest – he had once crashed Santa's Maybach into a gingerbread orphanage – St. Nick had been there to help him through the painful rehab that followed. At least Santa would never have to deal with that again. He hated showing up to the several interventions; he was always late and laughed at the worst possible times.

"Now just how exactly am I gonna replace him?"

Santa pondered that question all the way back to the house, where he also took an awkward moment to inform the compound of the sudden, somewhat unsurprising death of Rudolph in as eloquent a way as possible.

"That fucking deer's dead."

As everyone gathered in the living room wondering how they would solve the problem, and simply hoping for something extremely convenient to happen, the door rang, and at the threshold stood Herman Cain, a beaming smile on his face and hand extended.

"Hello! My name is Herman Cain, and I want to recruit you."

Santa, who had opened the door and was now starting to regret it a bit, was just genuinely curious as to why the politician was in the North Pole.

"W-why are you here, Mr. Cain?"

"Well, my good friend Ron Paul told me I could drum up support up here at the top of the world. I plan to run for president one day, you know. Paul always tells me a bunch of stuff, like the one time he told me I should go jump off a bridge. Boy, was that a wet night!"

Santa was annoyed, both at Cain's explanation and the fact that, for the second time that day, he found himself and his boots near something that was bleeding. Cain's dapper suit had a rapidly growing dark stain near his pizza-shaped cuff links, and the puddle of blood at his feet was starting to spread.

"Why are you bleeding, Mr. Cain?"

"Oh, yea! Well, you see...not far from here, my aide over there and I – her name's Bernice and she's sassy and black like Condoleeza – were accosted by a crazed reindeer. He was more than likely on crack. I could tell by the red nose..."

"No, that's genetic. But good guess..."

"Thank you," Cain was breathing a bit heavily now, and he looked weak. "As I'd been taught by Grandpa Reagan, I dealt with him like a minority and offered him my money, hoping he'd leave and use it to buy drugs, and leave me and my sassy black aide Bernice alone."

"Can't say that was a terrible idea..."

"But that damn deer freaked out on me and sank his teeth into my arm like it was a delicious baby! Reindeer eat babies right? That's what Grandpa Reagan used to say."

Santa's stomach rumbled at the thought. He scratched out a candy cane from the stash he kept in his beard and nibbled on it lovingly before speaking again."Rarely. Only rarely."

"As I yelled in pain, my sassy black aide Bernice rushed the deer and kicked him in his festive reindeer genitals. We heard a snap, like someone broke a frozen Twizzler."

Bernice smirked a bit in the background and cracked her knuckles audibly. Cain continued his tale.

"The deer then ran off in this direction, and me and Bernice followed, as sassy as possible. And here we are. I suppose it was a bit of a miracle we found you, Santa. I'm a big fan."

"Ah. I see. Well, fortunately I know who bit you. And he's so sorry, he actually died."

"Oh! Well, that's really all I was going to ask for. You hear that Bernice? Reindeer's dead!"

Bernice smirked once more. Viciously this time. "I heard it, sir."

"God, she's sassy and black!" Cain beamed proudly.

Santa took another step back to avoid the steadily growing pool of Herman Cain's blood. "Would you like some medical attention, Mr. Cain? My wife used to be a paramedic."

"I would be honored."

The very next day, Herman Cain awoke to find himself a reindeer. He was confused, so he asked Santa.

"Yo Santa! The fuck?"

"What the – are you a damn reindeer now?"

"Yea! The hell?"

"Huh. Well, I guess Rudolph was a were-deer then. That's pretty rare."

"The fuck is a were-deer?"

"It's basically a were-wolf, but with...reindeer. So basically, every time there's a full moon, you'll transform involuntarily into a reindeer..." Santa took a breath, wondering if he should have just gone to law school like Mama Claus had wanted. "Also, you can fly now."

"Well! Well...that's pretty damn awesome, then!"

"Ain't it? But listen, I kind of need a replacement reindeer to lead my sleigh on the holidays. If you agree to drop by once a year, I'll place you on the permanent Nice list, along with Barbara Streisand and Muammar Gaddafi. Sound good?"

"Yes. Yes sir, it most certainly does."

An agreement had been struck.

Thinking back five years on the events of that night and the following day, Herman could not believe how successful the partnership with Santa had been. Of course, that was with the exception of that one time the two of them got drunk around the Gulf of Mexico and accidentally caused the BP oil spill. Boy, were their faces black after that little accident. Cain was ripped out of his reverie by the approaching sound of heavy boots and candy cane spurs. Santa Claus soon came into view and took a seat on the sleigh.

"Ho, ho, hello there Herman. Nice to see you saddled up already."

"Where you been, Santa? I've been cold."

"I was watching a movie. 'Pokemon 2000', I think it's called. Beautiful film."

"Can we watch it when we get back?"

"Of course we can, Herman. Let's get going."

"Kay."

"Oh, by the way, I feel like we should visit Libya this time..."

"Why?"

"I dunno...might be useful one day."

"...nah."

Dyslexic Christmas

BY MICHAEL MCCRINDLE

It was the most wonderful time of the year. All the good white parents were working on their rapping presence, pinning wraiths to their doors, and hanging their stalkers by the chimney with Cher. The kids were walking door to door singing Krishna carols, happy as could be. Snow was in the air and magic was on the ground.

Christmas had always been my favorite holiday -- how could it not be? This was the night when I got to tell my kids how Cheez-Its, our lords and saviors, were born. Every Christmas, I gathered the children by the fireplace and told them the wonderful story of Christmas. Warm and cozy in my Storytelling Sweater, I was the king of unstoppable.

They stared in wonder as I told them of the Three White Men, the visiting Angle, and the White Men's three gifts -- Cold, Frankenstein, and Mrrrrrr (we now call this "motorboating"). They smiled as I told them about wavy Cheez-Its' wooden manager in Baffled Ham. Their jaws would drop as I told them how Dog impregnated the Virgin Mary, who shared a similar appreciation for peanut butter. They would laugh as I told them about the Little Dumber Boy, who was upset that he had nothing to offer and ran around banging on things with sticks. There was a special bus just for him.

Every year, this was my moment to shine. This was my moment to fill my children with wonder and undo the damage of my daily beatings. As far as I was concerned, nothing in the world could ruin this.

Until this Christmas, that is.

As I prepared for my annual storytelling ritual, I heard the sound of bleating from the master bedroom. "Oh no," I muttered, "not again!" I made a frenzied dash for the door, knowing full well what was afoot...

I was being visited by the goats of Christmas past.

By the time I arrived, it was too late. The goats had torn apart and devoured my Storytelling Sweater. "YOU MONSTERS!" I screamed as they munched on. By the time I returned with my shotgun, they had eaten all of my other Christmas sweaters, too. I blasted every single one of them away without hesitation. It wasn't until I had fired the last shot that I heard my daughter's voice.

"Daddy, what's going on?" she asked, her wide, watery eyes peeking through the doorway. "Daddy, why is there red all over you?"

"Oh, honey, I'm just preparing the Christmas sacrifices! You want Satan to come and deliver your presents tonight, don't you?"

"YAAAAAAAAAAY!" she screamed, running out of the room. Phew, I thought. Close call.

I wasn't entirely lying, either. Normally, I just sacrificed a virgin, but goat blood appeared to do the trick. My balls jingled -- that's how Satan lets you know he's coming. Now I wouldn't have to deal with nosy families and police officers! Maybe this would be the best Christmas ever.

Though I loved telling the Christmas miracle story, the kids were growing up. With my sweater in shreds and covered in goat-brain, I decided to tell them where presents came from instead.

"EVERYONE IN THE LIVING ROOM!" I barked. The kids gathered around the fire and Linda began picking pieces of goat from my hair.

"Now, you kids all know that Satan brings us presents from his factory at the North Pole, but do you know how he makes those presents?" I slyly inquired. The kids perked up and leaned in with excitement -- except for Billy, who stared at the wall and picked his nose. There's a special bus just for him.

"You see, kids, Satan can't do this all alone! His factory is worked by…" I paused for effect. The kids could barely handle the suspense. "…ELVIS!" I announced, beaming with a true storyteller's pride.

You and I know all about Satan's little Elvis. The poor guy makes toys, works on the rapping presence of strangers, then loads all of the GIFs (the best compression format for the quantity of presents being delivered) into Satan's Sax of Toys. He takes care of the Rained Ears, too -- it rains ears up there, apparently, and if you attach enough of them to a sleigh, it flies around. Those ears love the sound of Satan's saxophone and flutter like crazy when they hear it. That's how Satan delivers all of the presents!

Once I finished my tale, my children cheered. I was crowned Master Of Stories and sent the kids off to bed.

I finally finished disposing of the goat bodies just in time to catch Satan slithering down the chimney. As he wiggled his fat ass out of the sooty column, I realized that I had completely forgotten to set out his favorite snacks: M.L.K. and cockles! The jolly red beast eyed me expectantly, impatiently fiddling with his saxophone. Shit, I thought.

After a brief session of haggling, Satan noted that my anal flower was also valid payment. I decided that the kids weren't getting presents this year.

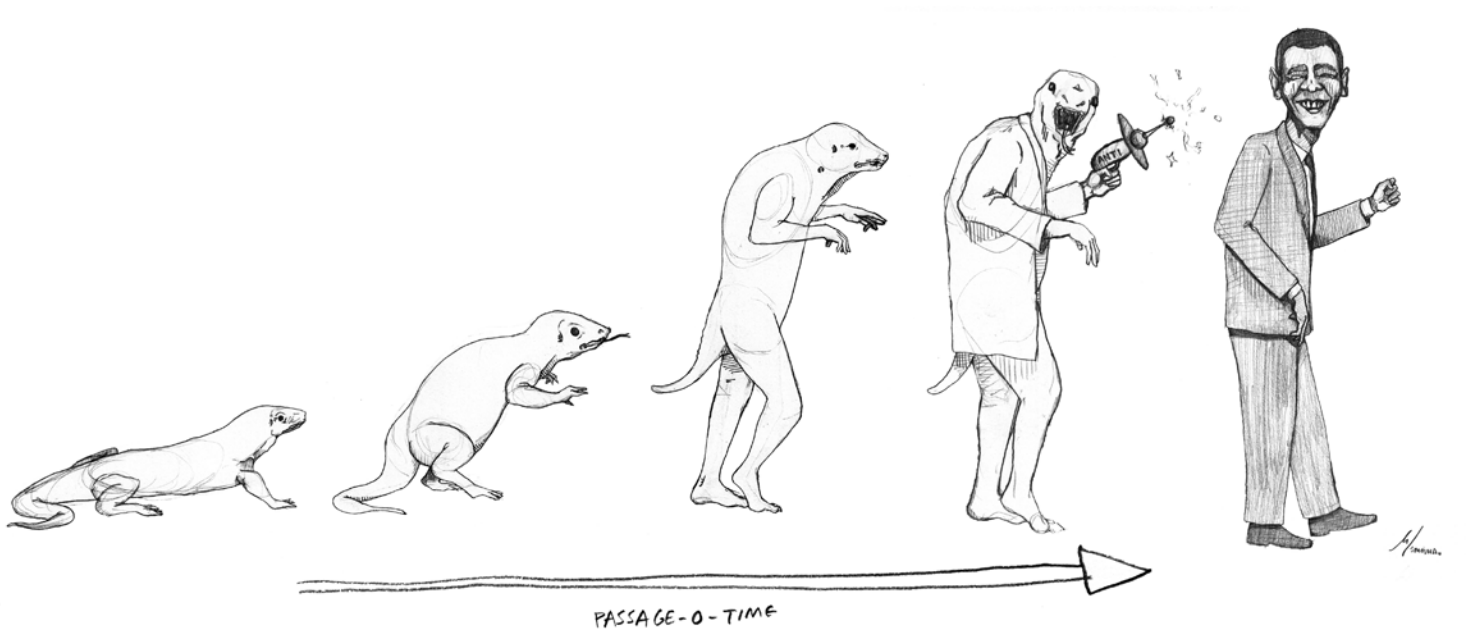
Oolaf The Red-Haired Hipster

... writes some very whiny prose,
and if you ever read it,
You would really say it blows.

All of the other hipsters,
Used to laugh and call him lame.
That was before they realized,
He's related to Jim James.

One ironic Christmas eve,
In the middle of July --
Oolaf with his pants so tight,
Stole his best friend's boy that night.

Then all the hipsters wondered --
was he hip or was he gay?
They couldn't tell the difference,
So they all moved to L.A.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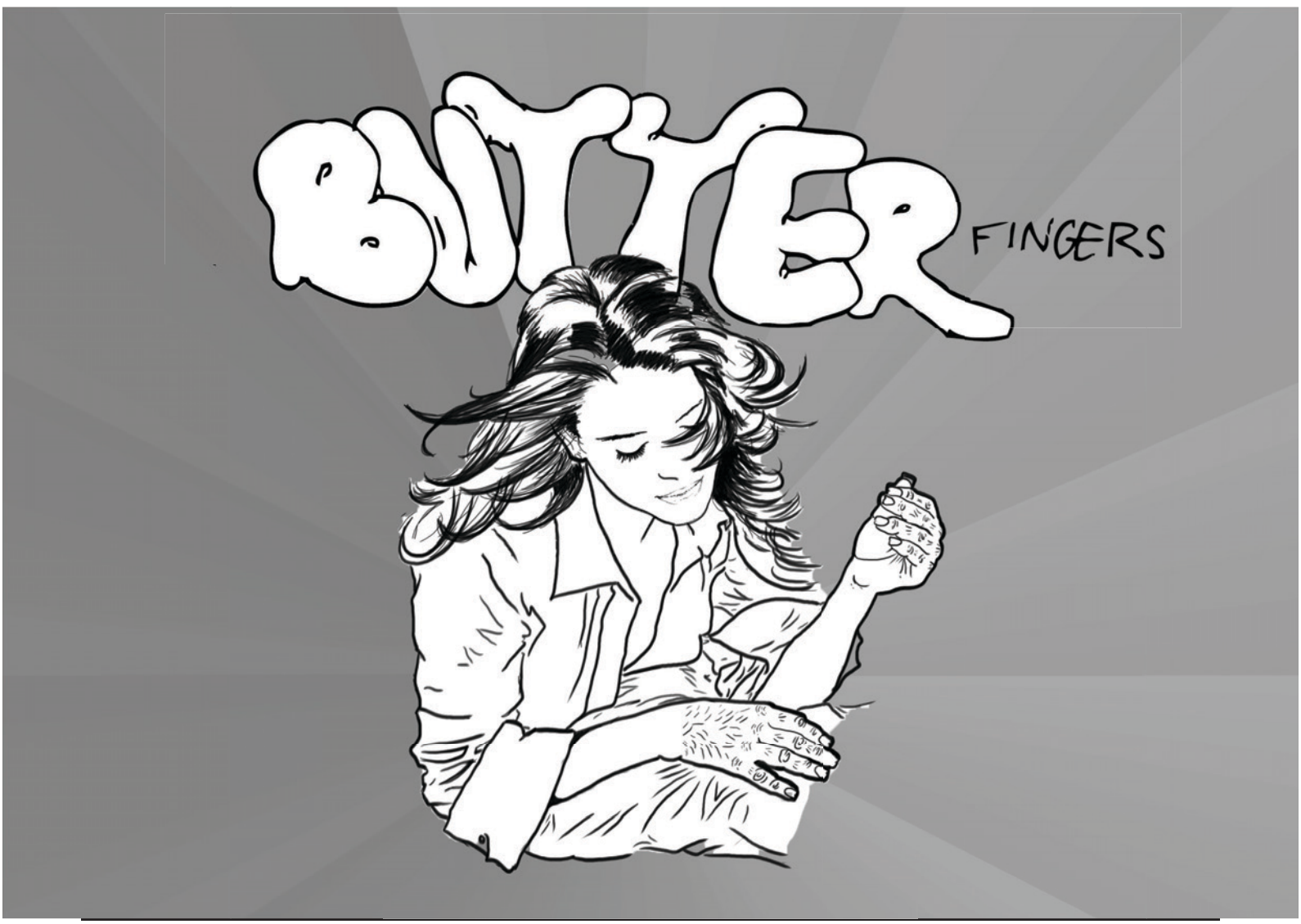

BUTTER
FINGERS

Syllabus for Biology 2.75

Congratulations, you have successfully made it to the first Biology 2.75 lecture. I would like to congratulate you on your tremendous achievement. You were not only able to register for this class, which is listed as ENGLISH 3000 in Wolverine Access, but you were able to fulfill the "able to lick own forehead" enforced prequisite. You also were capable of deciphering the cryptic series of clues that I scattered throughout 12 nations, which led you on a scavenger hunt to this broom closet.

I cannot emphasize how proud of you I am.

We will hold all of our lectures in this closet in East Quad, by the light of this single, dingy bulb. Don't mind the scent of my body. Toleration of fungal, musky odors is an advisory prerequisite to this course, and it should be taken very seriously.

We will also have a once weekly lab section in a location determined by the phase of the moon, and my own capricious whimsy. You will be alerted to our location with a series of signal flares, and by the scent of cinnamon rolls. You are required to bake these cinnamon rolls weekly, and bring them to me before our lab meeting. Adherence to the highest culinary standards is mandatory. So mandatory, in fact, that it comprises 30% of your grade.

Grading Policy:

Adhering to the highest culinary standards of cinnamon roll baking: 30%

Vietnamese cinnamon is frowned upon, as is the inclusion of rum-based vanillas. I have an irrational fear of rum, and an unwillingness to seek help for my affliction.

Deciphering my Lecture notes: 10%

Students are expected to decode the combination of gibberish and erotic hieroglyphs that comprise my handouts. Some may require use of WWII era code-breaking algorithms, or some may require knowledge of 5th century beekeeping technology. In fact, hidden inside of this very handout, is a 12 line poem in iambic hexameter. It explains the process of mitosis, and provides a detailed chemical analysis of my last bowel movement. You are required to memorize all information provided.

5 bonus points will be awarded if you can tell me what I ate before I had that chemical analysis. I ate a souffle that day, and I'd like to know the recipe.

Exams: 60%

You will be given 4 exams at random times during the semester. Be aware that any time of day or night, I may appear seemingly from nowhere, and test your knowledge of the course material. These texts may range from firing you out of a makeshift cannon, and seeing if you survive, to testing whether you are capable of simultaneously holding a conversation and cage-fighting a gorilla. Your grade will likely be determined by how much your exam has entertained me, the schadenfreude I derived from watching you suffer, and completely arbitrary points that I may assign if the mood strikes me.

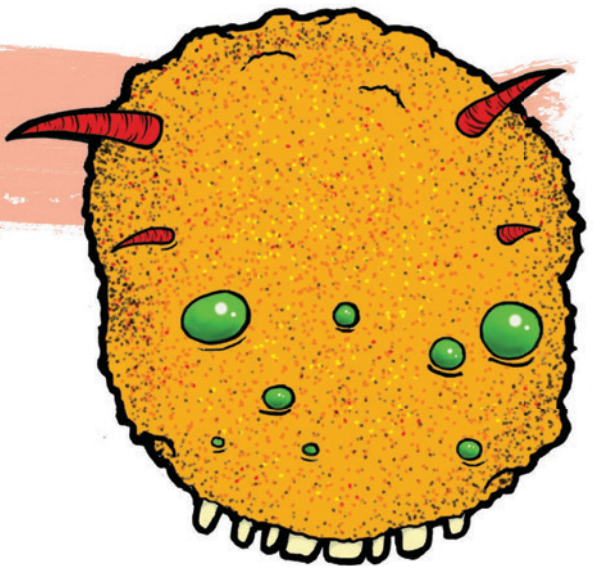
Required Texts:

The back of a box of Captain Crunch. Among the children's games and nautical-themed illustrations, I have hidden the entire 900 page text book for this course. You may have to look carefully. A 1/3000 point font can be difficult to read with the naked eye. Hell, it can be a challenge with an electron microscope.

David Carr Presents DISEASES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Lifetime Gargoyle member and artist about Ann Arbor David Carr recently took a brief hiatus from glorifying his own facial hair to travel across the globe. He called it "globetrotting," but I don't believe that motherfucker has ever played basketball in his life.

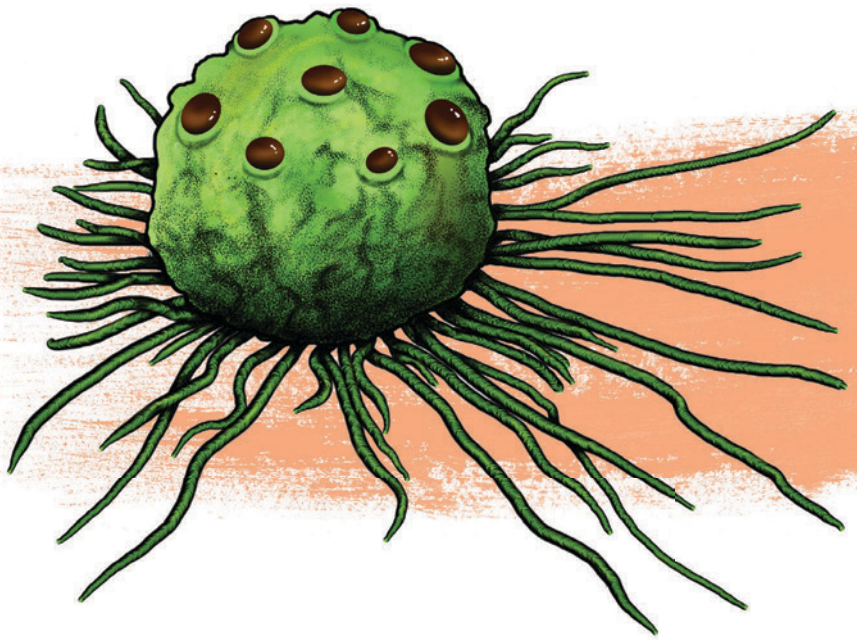
Chlamydia (Lactaid Variant)



This cute little fella is technically a variety of Chlamydia made largely from cheese. Citizens of Wisconsin, where the disease originated, know it more commonly as "Dewey," because it looks like a retarded child. The upside is that discharges are bright yellow and taste like nacho cheese, but quickly curdle.

David came down with the Dewey after participating in a series of unseemly and borderline illegal acts in Madison, which he also drew and submitted, but we refuse to publish.

His crosshatching was distracting and the line work was, frankly, sophomoric.



Bolivian Supercancer

Unrelated to those other, more cancerous cancers, the Bolivian Supercancer is actually closer to gout. And like gout, it really acts up in hot, humid weather. Seriously. David didn't even want to get out of bed when he was in Bolivia. Because he's lazy and doesn't like walking around. So he made Bolivian Supercancer up. Are we on the same page?

Because that thing grows in David's body, has a made up name, and kind of looks like cancer.

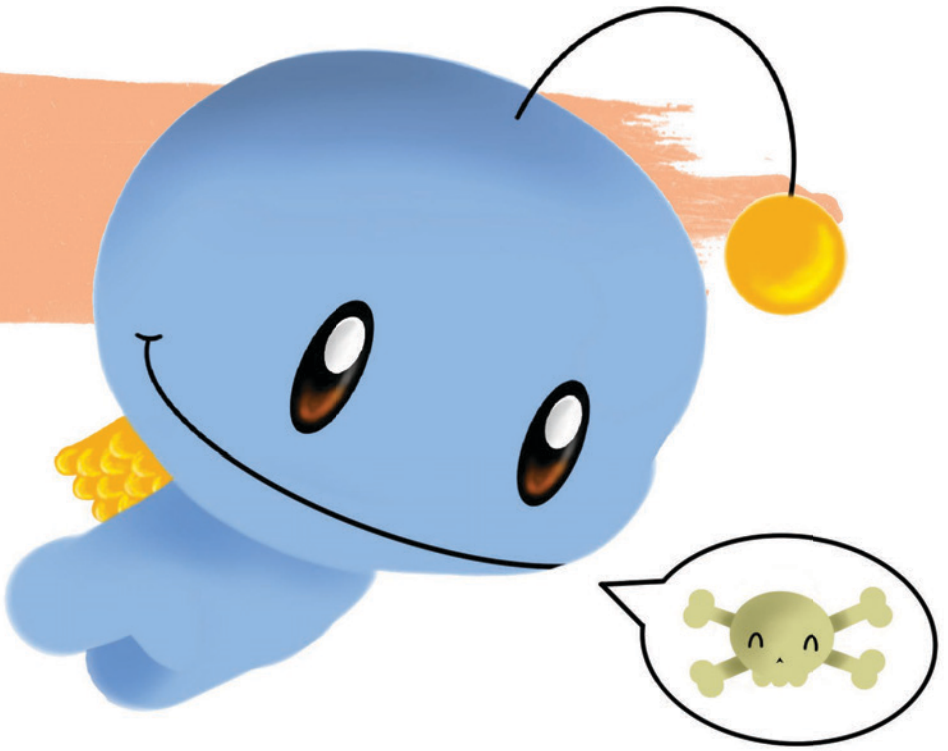
Go figure.

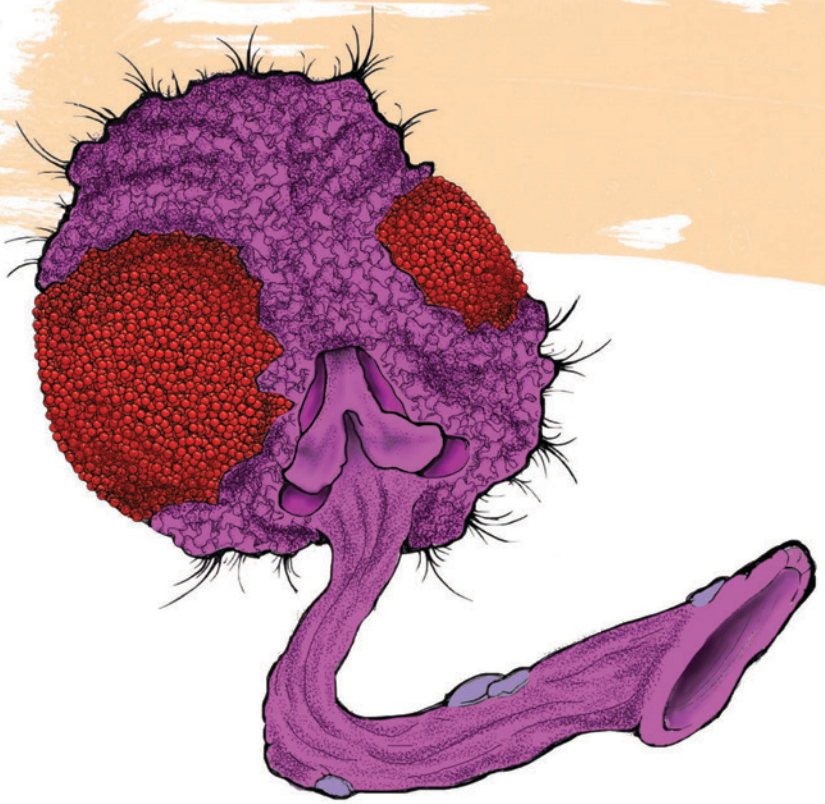
Domo Flu

David found this illness in Japan. Its origins are unknown, but it can be bought in a vending machine. Mr. Carr is a sucker for vending machines, however, he detests Funyuns. If there are Funyuns in a vending machine, he buys out the stock, puts them in a bag, dumps that in another bag, then lights that bag on fire, after which he disposes of the remains on the lawn of the nearest frathouse and deposits a stack of Gargoyle magazines nearby.

Domo Flu's symptoms include an attraction to flashing lights, the tendency to speak in tongues, and a variety of fetishes surrounding the infantilism of women.

An estimated 98% of Japan suffers from the affliction, and it is, thus far, incurable.





The Congo Colonic

While bobsledding along the Western coast of Africa, David fell face first into a pile of albino rhinoceros dung and contracted the terrifying and fairly self-explanatory Congo Colonic. The sickness runs its course over a 72 hour period during which the sufferer loses all bowel control. The strain David caught was mild, thankfully, and his internal organ retention rate was high. He really only needed one kidney, anyway. Particularly now that there's so little waste left to filter.

Despite the fear the Congo Colonic instills in locals, Mr. Carr assures us he has never felt better in his life. All that extra waste was, like, you know, totally weighing him down. Spiritually, he's never felt more at peace. He really ditched a lot of negative energy.

It also cleared up his Domo Flu.

Is anyone in the market for a suitcase of slightly used schoolgirl panties?

Dragonborn to Party

By Käel Ländgräfensöhn

It was a cold Friday night; everybody looking forward to the weekend. Despite my protests, my friends decided to intervene in my video game use and insisted I come out with them that night. I hate parties and don't go to the cloud district very often, but hell, I needed the time to regain the feeling in my gnarled, arthritic, controller-claws. I could play more Skyrim later.

We got to the house and I instinctively started picking the lock, but to my surprise, this door could be opened with my hands. Our first stop was the kitchen, where after I emptied every pantry of anything valuable we drank some strange mead, which I learned was known in this realm as "Päbst Blüe of Rb'bön." Feeling more confident after can #6, or #7, I was told to by my friends to "mingle." Bellowing "WULD NAH KEST," at the top of my lungs, I shouted my way into the other room.

The living room vibrated with some annoying "WUBWUBWUBSKREEE" sound. At first I thought someone else perhaps just shouted their way into the room, but some asking around informed me that it was supposed to be music called "döbstäp." To my ears, it sounded like a dragon making love to a mammoth while a giant watched, but that didn't matter. My quest was to mingle.

I pulled down my inventory screen, searching for a good conversation starter. Evidently, the mortals at this party found it odd that I stood unmoving with a vacant stare for 2 minutes as I browsed the menu screen. A few waved their hands at me. Another offered to call an ambulance. They were all quite startled when I suddenly jolted back into action, ready with some pretty choice jokes about dragons, and some great Orc jokes, provided there were none in the room to get offended.

The first person I met, a stocky Nord wearing an ironic t-shirt, proved to be quite boring, only asking me if someone stole my sweet roll. I already had several in my inventory (stuffed in my pockets) after raiding the pantries earlier. Just as well, he found it odd that I held my arms out directly in front of my face. How else am I supposed to watch myself dual-wield?

After pick-pocketing the Nord, I found another potential conversation: a fuckable maiden from Whiterun. It totally had this wench in the bag after I told her I had a curved sword like those warriors from Hammerfall, but the conversation soured soon however when she refused to be my housecarl. Something about having to carry my burdens until her death must have rubbed her the wrong way. Whatever… She was probably in the thieves' guild anyway. That or the tall glass of bitch guild.

My next conversation: a tall Argonian (or maybe he just had a skin condition), seemed more concerned that I was stealing anything metal from the shelves. I don't know if he knew a better way to make money other than to smelt the iron into daggers to sell, but he didn't offer one. After a bit of arguing, he got a bit too belligerent, so with all the air in my lungs I bellowed "FUS RO DAH". Other than making everyone in the room look at me with confused faces, nothing else happened. Evidently in life, there are some problems you can't shout away. After a quick bribe ("Smart man…"), I was back to the party.

I decided to sit for a bit on the couch, but lo' did I find someone passed out on it in a drunken stupor. After stripping him completely naked and taking all of his belongings (as is customary), I went to find my friends, whom I discovered had gone in different directions. One was apparently even in the clutches of some witch name "Krystal" in the upstairs bathroom. A new quest! I decided to try searching upstairs, but some Nord stopped me, endlessly repeating that, "he was once an adventurer like me, but an arrow to the knee ended all that." He didn't even let me pickpocket him!

I was about to continue my search when a great noise caught the whole house's attention. A terrified dark elf freshman running past informed me that there were indeed dragons about! This dragon in particular was known to those at this party as "Thekӧps". It was a strange name, but this was a strange land. At long last, a chance to prove myself! I thought perhaps I was the Dragonborn and just didn't know it yet.. With a great battle cry, I shouted my way to the front lawn where the dragon waited. Blade in hand, I charged. However, there was some sort of glitch. There was no cinematic kill cutscene, just me smacking a police car with a butterfly knife. And then I heard it; the five words every adventurer knows all too well… "Stop right there criminal scum!"

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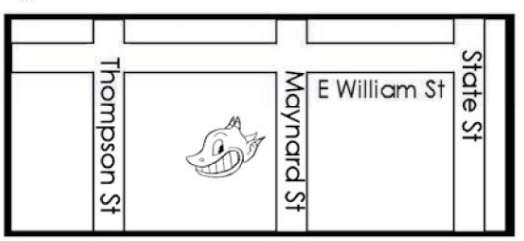

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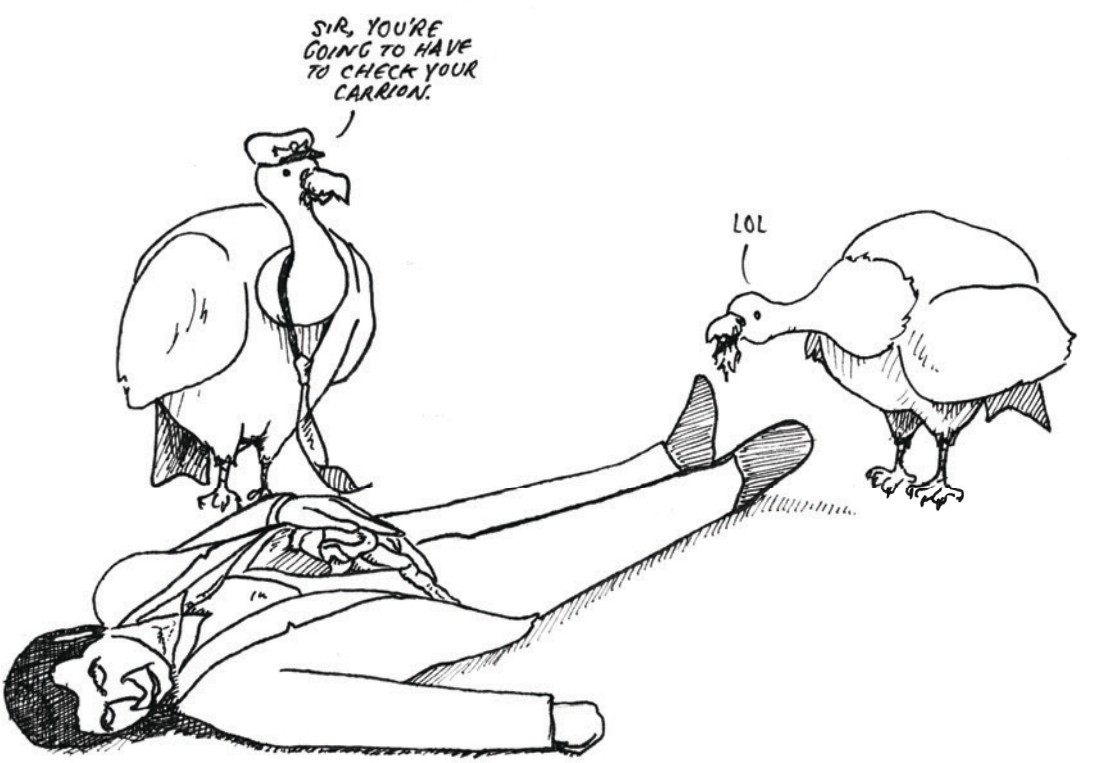
For further information
feel free to email gargmail@umich.edu

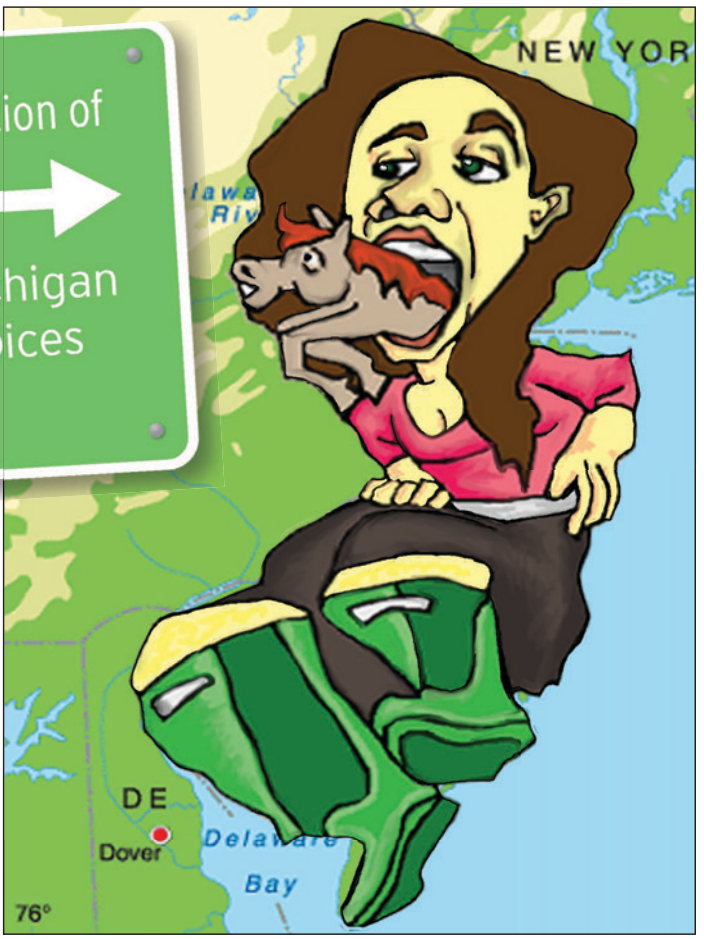
Genesis.

by Max Smouha


SIR, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CHECK YOUR CARRION.
LOL

C
THEN...
MR. GSI, CAN WE DISCUSS MY GRADE?
C
GSI
SOON...
WUH-BAM!
WUH-BAM!
GSI
LATER...
F
SLUT.
ADRIAN "EL CHOY" CHOY

An Open Letter to the Female Population of NEW JERSEY Attending the University of Michigan Concerning Your Scratchy Voices and Tall Boots



Hi, Dara.

I'm going to call you Dara, for the sake of brevity. I'm appropriating the name from a Dara I once had freshman English with. If you're reading this, Dara, my apologies. You seemed nice enough, I guess.

I'll bet you think I'm going to make some Jersey Shore jokes, right? Or maybe inform you again how disappointed I am in your terrifying state's- pisspoor liquor laws?

Of course not. We've known each other longer than that. You've been frequenting all of my English classes for the last four years. And frankly, I'm concerned.

Dara, are you ill?

No? Not even a little bit sick?

You sound a little horse.

I didn't misspell that. You sound like there is a horse jammed down your throat. Not a pony. A full-grown thoroughbred.

And the horse is a chain-smoker.

Can I get you a glass of water?

Please, I want to.

No, no. That's quite alright. You can keep the glass.

Does it rain a lot in New Jersey?

Oh, just the normal amount? A lot of rivers, then, aye?

No?

That's strange.

What? Oh, I'm referring to your boots.

Right.

The enormous ones. That go up to your knees. Notice how your knees are covered with rubber boots. And it hasn't rained. In several weeks.

You notice it too, right? I can't be alone in seeing these gargantuan fucking boots. What's with that look you're giving me? I told you I'm concerned, Dara. I care about your well-being.

And your actions are disconcerting.

Deeply.

Have you ever tried to find booze after ten in New Jersey?

Yeah.

I know.

It sucks.

No. No. No. It's fine. Just put the boots back on.

That place is a cesspool.

Sincerely,
Peter Eldred

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Responsibility Unicorn

written by: Ross Warman art by: Megan Mumbles

THE ADVENTURES OF WIZARDMAN

WORDS BY ARTIST ADRIAN CHOY + PIKSHURS BY WRITER MICHAEL STEPHENS

IN THE WIZARD CAVE, WIZARDMAN ENJOYS A MEAL OF RAW MEAT AND LION'S BLOOD.
WIZARD BOOKS
WIZARD WANDS
WIZARD XPLOSIONS
NO CRIME ALERTS YET! FUCK! ANOTHER SHITTY PEACEFUL DAY IN THIS SHITTY PEACEFUL FUCKING CITY. FUCK!
MORE LIONS BLOOD
FUCK! WIZARDMAN! WE HAVE A SITUATION DOWNTOWN! BIG BOOTY BITCHES ALL OVER THE CITY ARE FUCKING SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUSTING!
MAYOR
JUST THEN, THE HANDSOME, FUNNY, SMART MAYOR/ART DIRECTOR ADRIAN CHOY APPEARED ON THE WIZARD-O-VISION-O-SCREEN-O-MATIC
NO, BEAUTIFUL MAYOR, SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION IS FUCKING BULLSHIT. SOMEONE WANTED THOSE BITCHES ON FIRE. I'M ON THE FUCKING CASE.
WIZARD MILK
WIZARD AXES
WIZARD BEARS

AND SO WIZARDMAN FLEW AS FAST AS HE COULD TO SOLVE THE CASE OF THE HOT BITCHES.
WIZARD DRAGON
REALLY FUCKING FAST
WIZARDMAN ARRIVES AT THE CITY, ONLY TO FIND HIS ARCH-NEMESIS SET-BIG-BOOTY-BITCHES-ON-FIRE MAN IS FUCKING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FUCKING DISASTER!
I CAN FLY BUT AM STILL ON FIRE FUCK
DAMMIT SBBBOFM, WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS FUCKING WRECKING SHIT? IT'S SO FUCKING ANNOYING. IMA FUCK YOUR SHIT UP.
WIZARD DRAGON
FUCK YOU AAAARGHRG HARGHARGHARGHARGHAA AAARGHIMOMRGHARGHARG ARGHARGHARGHARGHARGHARGH

IS THIS THE END FOR WIZARDMAN? WILL HE SAVE THE BIG BOOTY BITCHES IN TIME? WILL OUR READERS REALIZE HOW DESPERATE FOR CONTENT WE HAD TO BE TO THINK THIS SHIT WAS A GOOD IDEA? ALL THESE QUESTIONS AND MORE WILL BE ANSWERED NEXT ISSUE IN **WIZARDMAN 2: BACK 2 THA HOOD!**

Opeth

An Interview by
Ben Schlanger

If you've ever looked at death metal and thought, "I don't get it. Why would anyone listen to this, and what kind of person makes this music?" then this interview's for you. Opeth has become the world's most renowned and eclectic death metal band by combining the genre's bone-crushing brutality with beautiful passages of prog rock, folk, and jazz, and we had the huge privilege of sitting down with the helmsman of the band, Mikael Akerfeldt. It turns out the king of death metal is a really fun, chill guy. Read ahead as we probe his brain and uncover part of the shroud on music's most frightening genre.

A lot of other death metal bands try to create an image of evil or violence or anger, but when you're on stage you smile and tell jokes and stuff. Why do you approach it so differently, and what do you think of bands that try to look brutal?

Many of these guys, I know them, and they're just regular people. It's the whole image thing. Image really works, image sells. Some bands, their image is so strong, you don't really hear the music. But you're a fan because they look cool. I mean, that was the case with KISS. KISS wouldn't have been anywhere near where they are now if they didn't have the makeup and the blood and the explosions. Because it's just a rock band.

Have your kids ever heard you doing death metal growls or heard your music?

Well, they've heard my music. For them, because they grew up with it, it's nothing strange to them. They can listen to Michael Jackson, and then Opeth, and it's just music to them. I do actually have two cats, and one of them, Isaac of York is his name, pissed on the babysitter, and he was just pissing all over the house. And I just lost it, and I chased him all over the house. I cornered him in the kitchen, and I was on all fours, and I was "RRRAAGHH", doing the growl, so he heard my growls, too.

Do you ever growl in the shower?

Yeah. To clear my throat.

What's the coolest thing that ever happened at one of your shows? I saw a picture from a couple shows back where a guy in a wheelchair was getting crowd-surfed.

Yeah! That was in Edmonton, yeah I've never seen that before! He was up there in his fucking wheelchair. Um... some strange things, not super cool, though. We had people popping the big question on stage, like couples gonna get married. One thing that comes to mind, that wasn't cool – when we played in Denmark once, we were playing, and all of a sudden in the corner of my eye I see this guy just standing next to me on stage, taking his fucking dick out. And he was whistling, too, he was like, *whistle*. And our security guy came with a big fucking Maglite and just threw him out. That was pretty strange.

What's cooler, seeing a bunch of prog nerds headbanging and moshing to your music, or seeing a bunch of metalheads swaying and humming to the softer parts?

We see both. Most of the time, the whole moshing thing doesn't really have anything to do with music, it just needs to be loud. I did a little test the other show, where I had the whole crowd headbang to complete silence. There was no music. And I put the lights on and just started headbanging, and by the count of three everybody started headbanging, and even moshing. And I was like, well there you go, kinda tells us how much music really means in the moshpit. You don't really need music. You go there to have fun and get some aggressions out. I did that stuff too. I prefer, because I spend a lot of time and effort with the music, that they get something out of it on a musical level. And you don't really in the mosh pit. But it's fun to look at when you're on stage.

The horns is the hand gesture for metal, do you want to come up with something for progressive rock?

Prog is a bit geeky, it'd be like... a crystal ball.

Are you familiar with the show Metalocalypse, and in particular the

character Toki Wartooth?

Yeah!

Have you heard that he's supposedly modeled after you?

Yeah, I heard that. I think he looks more like Frederick from Meshuggah. But yeah, I actually got an email from him, from the character, writing in a funny language. And it was back when I had MySpace, and it was from the official Toki from MySpace, you know? And he was writing me, and I was like, "Are you me?" "Yes." and I was like "ok, come on, who is this?" He's like "Toki", he never gave it away. But I've seen the show, it's kind of funny, but I'm not sure if it's me ... Well, if that's the case then it's fun, it's a bit of an honor, but I'm not sure if it's me.

In the same way that the rebellious music of the 50's and 60's is pretty tame by today's standards, do you ever worry that kids in the future are gonna find their parents' death metal CDs and just call it "boring dad rock"?

Well, that's gonna happen. It's inevitable, I think. But that's always how it is. I don't really worry about it. There is a difference, though. For instance, if you put on Bleed for the Devil by Morbid Angel like in 50 years from now, I think it'll still be pretty extreme.

Yeah, like how can it get any heavier?

It probably can, but then you have to go into the Industrial type shit, where it's no humanity left, just static. Just noise, you know?

What were you like as a teenager? Were you shy and quiet, or a troublemaker…?

I wasn't a troublemaker. I was just a regular type of rock dude, you know? I just went to school like anyone else and connected with other metalheads in my school, pretty much. And it was all metal music and girls.

Were you good with the ladies?

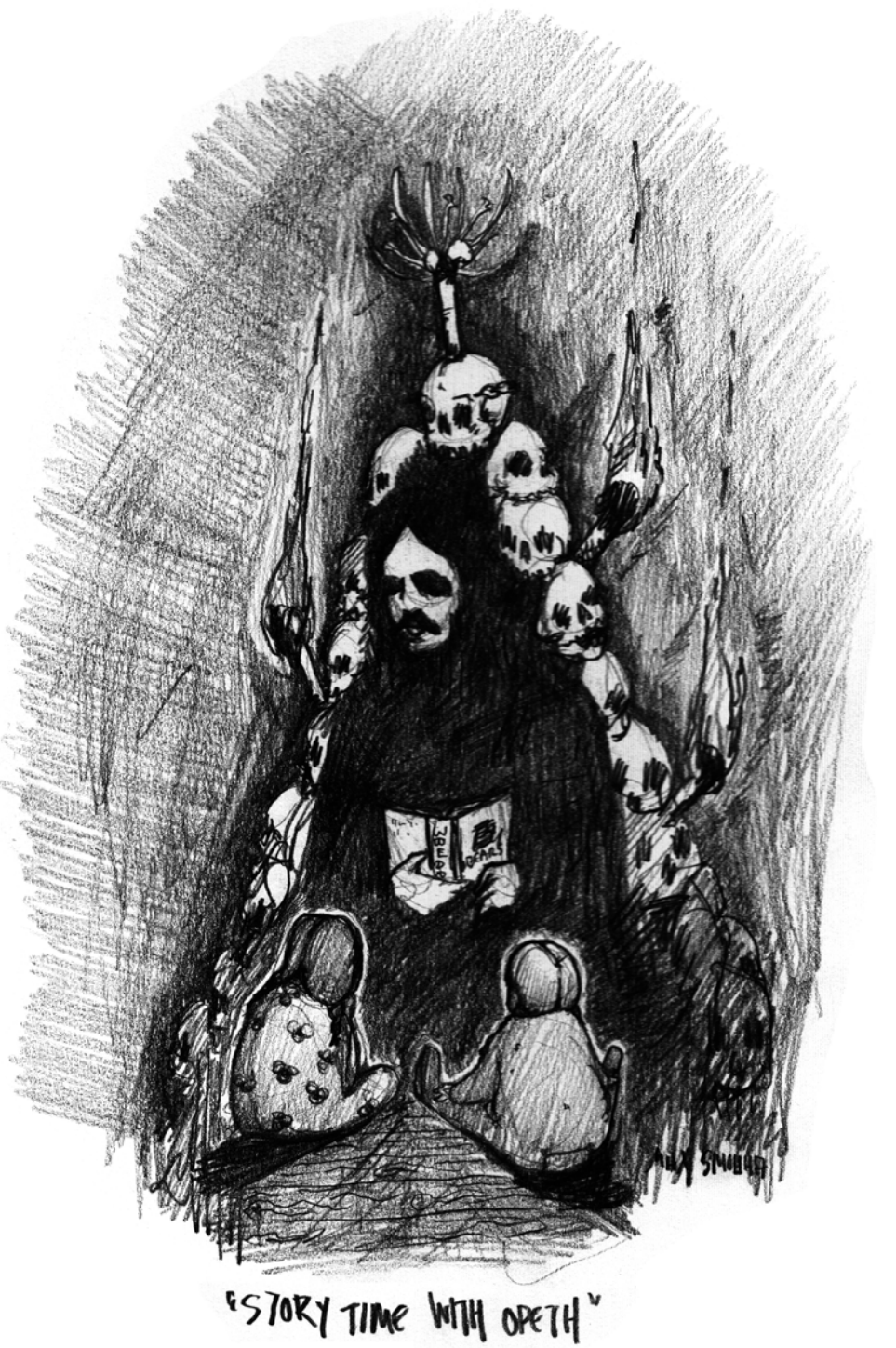
Pretty good. Pretty good. I think I'm probably better today, but I've been married, so I haven't hit on any chicks for fifteen years. But I was pretty good; I was always in relationships. So I wasn't a player. I was always looking for love. But there were a couple of things that were important in my life: girlfriend, my friends, and music. And I guess to this day it's still pretty much the same. And that's the good thing about following your dreams.

I wanted to be a metal musician, and it happened, obviously, and I haven't changed that much. If I see my friends from school who got a proper education and got a job or they have their own business or whatever, all suit and tie and boring, and it's kinda... what happened to the old you?

Do you feel really cool when you go back to class reunions and everyone else has boring jobs?

Well, unfortunately we never really had reunions. I want to go there and be like "Look at me now!" But maybe sometime, and I'll drive up in a limo, just rent a limo and be like "Sorry I took the limo over. What are you guys doing? Well, I'm doing pretty well."

Even if it's all a lie, all a scam. You pretend, you want to act like everything's fucking swell, when you meet people from the old days.



DONG DONG DONG